

Trials of a Psychopath

by Lyon.The.Demon

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Summary: Walking up alone and confused inside an elevator, Uryuu finds he has become part of a twisted death match, and must fight his way through seven others to win the 'game'. Pitted against friend and foe alike, he will learn it is a kill or be killed situation. Will Uryuu be able to stay alive in this trial? Or will the 'players' get to him first? AU, Death, Psychological Thriller.

Trials of a Psychopath

"You are weak; pathetic."

He felt dizzy, and the words ringing in his head, elusive and faded were only making things worse. He had the distant feeling that something wasn't right in the darkness that surrounded him. Still, the gentle rumbling all along his front side mingled and melded with the clicks and clanks echoing out around him, blending in with the voice that spoke.

"You'll never be anything more than that."

Muscles bunched and locked when the rumbling came to an abrupt stop, jolting Uryuu Ishida awake. Metallic clangs vibrated menacingly through the air as Uryuu's hands flew toward his glasses, adjusting them only to realize it was simply too dark to see anything but a few cracks of light in front of him. He swayed along with the enclosed space, waiting a few seconds until everything was still again to test out his balance. As he stood, a sharp pain in his chest made itself known, and he took a few more steadying breaths as he glanced around.

It was hard to see anything in the room, but his eyes were slowly adjusting, allowing him to recognize the cracks of light in front of him as coming from some kind of double door. Next to the door was a small selection of buttons, and as he moved slowly closer it became apparent he was in some kind of elevator. Grimacing, Uryuu thought

back to how he might have passed out in an elevator, but his last memory was of leaving school earlier that day; even that memory was hazy, however.

Right; so he had no idea where he was, or how he'd gotten here. With a frustrated sigh, Uryuu readjusted his glasses before trying the first floor button on the key pad. It clicked inward, but no lights flashed and nothing moved. Frowning in thought, he clicked the second floor button, only to have the same results. Clicking the third floor button had no results either, and before Uryuu knew it he was pressing every single button frantically, trying to get the elevator to move.

Did the power go out? Scowling, Uryuu stepped away from the buttons and crossed his arms, trying to stop a shiver from making its way up his spine. He didn't like the bad feeling he was getting from this situation, especially not since there had been a few disappearances this past week. Certainly he would have realized if something like that was happening to him beforehand, right? So why... why did he have this dreadful feeling that things were about to go horribly, horribly wrong?

**DING**.

He jumped at the sound the elevator made seconds before a metallic whirring preceded the crack of light between the doors becoming larger and wider as the doors slowly slid open. Carefully, Uryuu took a step back, uncrossing his arms just in case something was coming at him, but the sight that greeted him was that of an empty, dim hallway. It took a few seconds for him to realize that there were noises coming from down the hallway; confused sounding voices, and most of them were familiar. Swallowing down his apprehension and discomfort, Uryuu moved to peer out of the doors of the elevator, brushing his hair back from his ear as he slowly stepped out of the elevator into the hall.

His thought process stopped as his heart skipped a beat.

No...!

***** (Earlier That Morning)

Again?

Uryuu sighed to himself, sipping the last few noodles and broth out of his plastic bowl, his eyes glued to the television in front of him.

"The police have yet to issue an official statement, but one can only speculate this unknown number of bodies must in fact be the eight people around the Karakura area who went missing at various times throughout last week."

With a quick glance at the time, Uryuu sat his bowl in his lap and reached over to the arm of the couch to grab the remote, turning the tv up a little. He had a little time until he had to leave for school; maybe they would have new information this time?

_"As far as we know, the bodies turned up just today at two

thirty-nine in the morning, all in the same location. The police were given yet another tip-off at two forty-six this morning, and since then they have blocked off all access points to the alley and have been refusing to issue any statements about the incident. This is the third case of missing persons turning up dead, and the police still seem no closer to finding what may in fact be a serial killer in the Karakura area. Just from the pattern already observed, more may go missing as early as today, so as a word of caution, stay inside and lock your doors and windows, if you can. If you have to leave your home, walk with a friend or family member. Try not to be alone outside in the early morning or after dusk, and if you must, bring some kind of protection, like pepper spray or... -"_

A yawn slipped past Uryuu's lips before he could hold it back, and with a shake of his head to clear his sleep-foggy mind, he pressed the power button on the remote and watched as the tv screen instantly became black. Staring into the dark mirror, he wondered exactly what was going on in the peaceful town of Karakura. A serial killer? Missing persons and bodies of victims that the police refused to let anyone see? It almost seemed unbelievable.

Another glance at the clock shot Uryuu off the couch and sent him scrambling to clean up his breakfast mess; he wasn't about to let a stupid mystery make him late for class.

***** (At School That Afternoon)

Uryuu bit the eraser of his pencil, his brows furrowed in thought. He found it extremely hard to actually listen to the lecture the teacher was giving, despite his studious nature, since his eyes kept slipping to the empty seats in the room. The teacher had marked them as absent and had gone about his day without another thought given, but Uryuu couldn't get the worry out of his head. 'More may go missing as early as today...' the reporter had said. What if...?

No. Orihime might be one to get herself captured, but he was sure Ichigo and Chad could fend off almost anybody with their fighting and wrestling experience. Especially considering how hard headed Ichigo was; even if he was badly injured he could put up one hell of a fight, and Uryuu knew that one for a fact. So then why...?

The day passed tortuously slow, and though Uryuu kept checking the doors, never did any of the missing group appear that day. Okay, so maybe they were all out sick. The thought of all three missing students having randomly gotten sick on a Tuesday morning after being perfectly fine and healthy the day before somehow didn't make Uryuu feel any better. With jerky motions, he slung his backpack over his shoulders and began the trek home, thoughts swirling in his mind.

They couldn't have... but there was no other explanation. With a furrowed brow, Uryuu passed the school gates before he thought about the phone in his pocket. That was it, he would call them and reassure himself that they did in fact, just become randomly sick overnight, and they were all safe and sound at home in their respective beds. Of course, why didn't he think about that at lunch? Digging his phone out of his pocket, he dialed Orihime's number first as he rounded a corner and crossed the street, his legs leading him home without his conscious thought.

He waited, listening to the ringing for what seemed like most of the journey home before her voice mail picked up. Biting his lip, Uryuu left a short, polite message inquiring on her absence at school today. Nothing more, just in case she was asleep or something. When he hung up the phone, he stared at it for a few seconds before taking a deep breath and punching in Chad's number. This time, he could feel his heart thumping along with the ringing in his ear, his pace slowing as he gave Chad time to answer, but the only thing he heard on the other line was Chad's voice mail.

Uryuu hung up without bothering to leave a message this time, his stride slowing to a halt as he swallowed down the growing, nagging feeling that something was wrong. He looked up, only to be met with unfamiliar surroundings. Had he accidentally taken a wrong turn? He could feel his heart beating in every crevice of his body at this point, his breath sped up to match the rhythm in his chest. This wasn't good. Turning on his heel, Uryuu started off at a brisk pace, trying desperately to get back into known territory. Screw going back to his apartment; as much as he hated the thought, he was heading rather quickly toward his father's house.

Barely glancing at the phone in his hands at this point, Uryuu's eyes scanned the roads in front of him as he felt more than watched the daylight slowly begin to fade over the horizon. Goosebumps were raising on his skin, and several times he swore he felt eyes boring into the back of his head, but every time he turned around there wasn't anyone to meet his gaze. With nothing else to hold onto, Uryuu gripped onto his phone with white knuckles as he forced his legs to move faster. He knew this street, so at least he was closer to home than he had been before. Still, darkness was approaching quickly, and a couple of the street lamps were beginning to kick on, making him shiver.

The eyes watching him followed him all the way to the Ishida household doorstep, where he stood huffing and out of breath for a few moments. By this point the world had grown dark, a foreboding feeling wafting through the air, thick and heavy. Maybe his father, the doctor, would know if something happened to his classmates. Maybe they were all in the hospital for one reason or another. Taking one more breath, Uryuu convinced himself to give Ichigo a call before walking in and disturbing the dragon.

On the third ring, Ichigo's phone picked up, saying a voice mail box hadn't been set up, just as a pair of hands came around Uryuu's body from behind. Something cold and soft was placed against his face, blocking his vision and making him breathe in a strange scent. He couldn't remember much after that; all he remembered was hearing the automated message from the speaker on his phone, though he couldn't remember hearing it hit the ground.

He wasn't sure when his vision turned black, he only remembered the feel of warm, strong hands embracing his body, keeping him from hitting the ground.

***** (Present)

Uryuu swallowed, facing the seven other people in the crowded hallway. There were several familiar faces, and a few faces he vaguely remembered. Ichigo, Orihime, and Chad were there, as well as Rukia from the next class over. Then there was the blue haired drop

out, Grimmjow, who he'd seen hanging out with rougher crowds around town, and the red haired delinquent who hung around similar groups, but had also hung around Ichigo's circle with Rukia. Finally, hanging onto Ichigo's leg and half hiding behind him was his little sister, Karin.

At some point during his shock, Uryuu's legs had brought him closer to the group, and all pairs of eyes turned toward him, and away from the small, delicately wrapped box sitting in the middle of the hall.

"Uryuu?" Orihime's voice seemed to waver like she was on the verge of tears, but another voice cut through the tension in the air, leaving him no time to respond to her.

"We still need to figure out what the hell's going on here!"

It was Renji who spoke up animatedly, gesturing wildly with his hands toward the box and the hall around them as Uryuu stepped into the circle the group had made, between Ichigo and his sister, and Chad.

"Do we see what's in the box, then?" Rukia suggested, obviously trying to keep a cool head despite her jittering hands.

"And if it's a trap? What then?" This time, it was Grimmjow who spoke up, crossing his arms as he watched the group with an irritated expression.

"This entire place feels like a trap. We woke up here for a reason. Whoever brought us here wanted us to open the box."

When Chad spoke up, Uryuu could see the logic in his words, and it seemed like most of the others did as well. With a disgruntled sigh, Grimmjow was the first to break the circle, stepping forward to bend down and pick the small box up. Uryuu noticed that the box was pink, with a bright red bow tied painstakingly around it, ripped off in mere seconds by the blue headed thug. Along with the bow that fluttered to the ground, a small, folded up piece of paper dropped at Orihime's feet. Distracted for a moment, Grimmjow let her pick up the paper and unfold it, somewhat leaning over her shoulder as they read whatever was written there.

It was only when Orihime's face went pale and Grimmjow's face lost all expression did Uryuu hear one of their group break the silence.

"Ichi-nii, I wanna go home... I don't like it here..."

Glancing over, he watched as Karin tugged on Ichigo's pant leg and he slipped his arm around her shoulders, holding her closer and more behind him as his eyes turned warily toward Orihime.

"... What's it say?"

She swallowed visibly before reading aloud,

"Congratulations, all eight of you. You have been chosen for a nice little training exercise. I do hope you'll find the game quite enjoyable. The rules are simple; only one person will leave the

building alive. You will be forced to survive and think on your own two feet. Your pasts have given you everything in life, and never once have you had to truly dirty your hands to make something out of yourselves. Now, you have the chance to. Now you have the chance to learn what the real world is all about, and just how much you can trust your so called 'friends'. In the box, I have given you a small gift to start the game, and hidden around the area are other items you may use during this time. If at any point you choose to no longer be a part of the game, please be fully aware of your surroundings, since the other players of the game will still have to take your life to leave this game alive. Happy Hunting..."

Uryuu's brain seemed frozen; so the people who had been kidnapped weren't killed by a serial killer... they were pitted against themselves until someone came out on top? Was that why eight disappeared a week before seven bodies showed up? His heart leaped into his throat when his eyes met Orihime's, her brown eyes wide and filled with fear. Her hands were shaking as she tried to hold the note open, and Uryuu opened his mouth to try and comfort her, but the only thing that found his ears was Karin's piercing scream.

Everything happened in a split second, and before Uryuu could fully register what had happened, the empty box was clattering to the ground and Grimmjow was pulling out a bloodied knife from the center of Orihime's chest. Both Renji and Chad started forward, toward Grimmjow, but the blue haired thug backed up as Orihime fell into a gurgling heap on the ground, the knife in his hands being waved back and forth between the two men.

"It's a game, right? This has been happening for a month now. Someone's chosen us, and now the only way to live is to kill everyone else. Well I'll tell ya right now, I'm not going down without a fight. I've been through too much in my life to lay down for a bunch of stupid, do-good kids. I'm not dying here!"

Uryuu was able to move before anyone else could, his legs stumbling slightly as he strode over and dropped down next to Orihime, his hands hovering over her body without quite knowing what to do. His father was a doctor, and yes, he had studied medicine, but the blood trickling from the sides of her lips and the glossy shine to her eyes somehow overpowered the obscene sight of blood pooling around her, staining the front of her shirt red. It overrode any and all thought, leaving him sitting there, unable to do anything for the dying girl.

"Useless."

He winced, hearing the words he had heard all his life, but by the time he had refocused on Orihime, her eyes had unfocused, and her lips were already turning blue. This couldn't be happening...! He glanced up frantically, hoping he would see something other than the group around him, but was met with the distant sight of Grimmjow's back.

Numbly, he glanced around the faces of his companions turned opponents, and saw the same, numb horror reflected on their faces.

How in the hell did he end up in this situation...?

End
file.